THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS—IT'S

TERRIFIC

AUGUST 12, 1967. © Odhams Press Ltd., England, 1967.

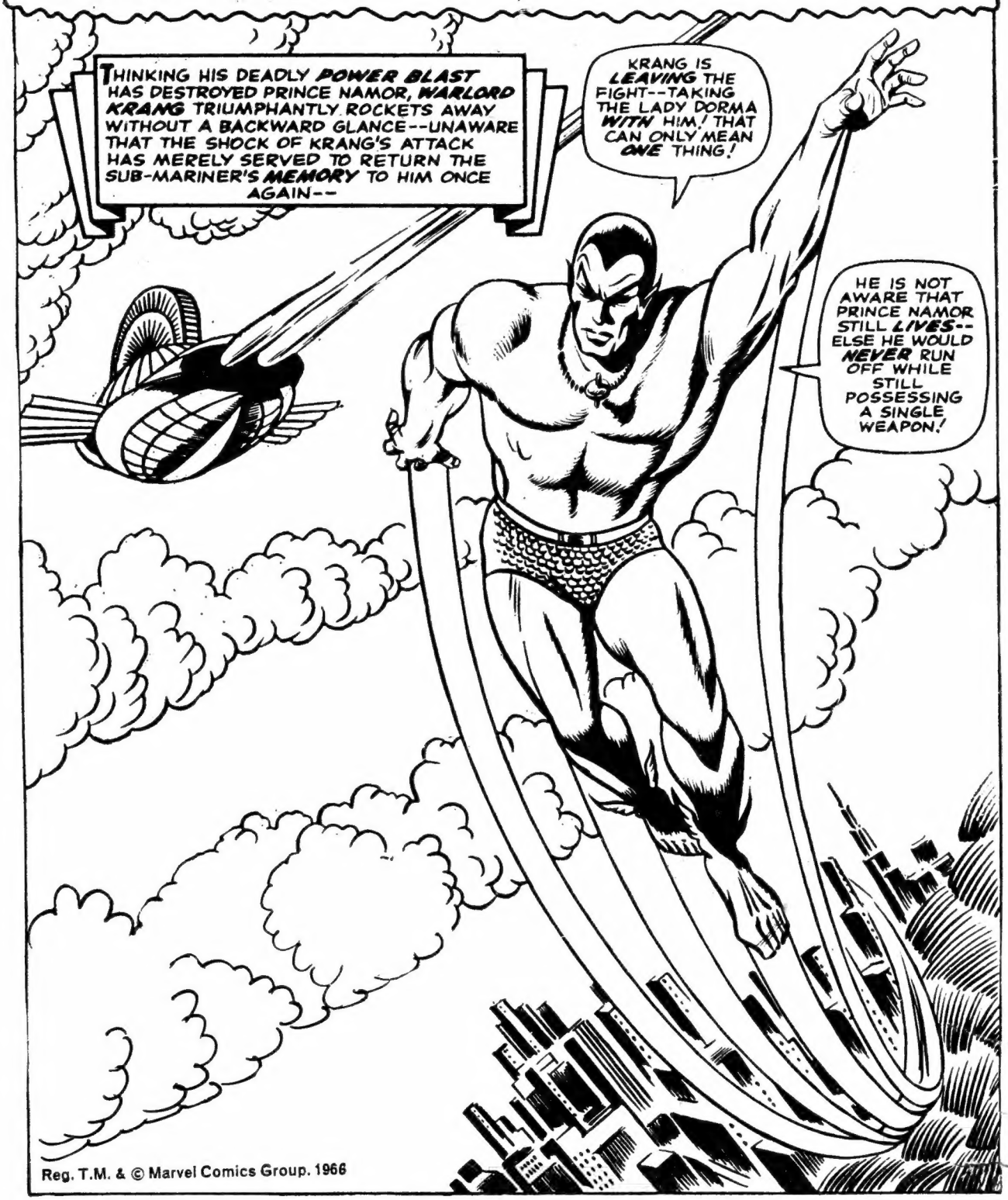
A POWER COMIC

No. 18 EVERY MONDAY 9d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.25c. WEST AFRICA 1/-
SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/3 NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

Prince Namor, THE SUB-MARINER!

"AND ONE SHALL DIE"



Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1966

MEANWHILE, THE LAST SURVIVING MEMBER OF THE EVIL SECRET EMPIRE--THE HOODED LEADER KNOWN ONLY AS NUMBER ONE--DOES NOT SUSPECT THAT NAMOR HAS REGAINED HIS MEMORY, AND IS NO LONGER UNDER HIS HYPNOTIC CONTROL--

WIN A BIKE! TURN TO PAGE 15...

BUT, EVEN AS THE MYSTERIOUS NUMBER ONE WAITS TO ESTABLISH HIS RADIO CONTACT WITH THE MAN HE HAS ORDERED TO BATTLE THE HULK FOR HIM--
THE LIFE-GIVING, QUALITY OF THE WATERS BELOW HAS ONCE AGAIN SERVED ME WELL!
MY STRENGTH HAS NEVER BEEN GREATER! MY RESOLVE NEVER FIRMER! MY THIRST FOR REVENGE NEVER MORE INSATIABLE!
WHATEVER DANGERS AWAIT ME--WHATEVER INSURMOUNTABLE ODDS I AM DESTINED TO FACE--I SHALL OVERCOME THEM ALL!
FOR I AM, AS I HAVE EVER BEEN, NAMOR THE FIRST, PRINCE OF THE BLOOD, LORD OF ATLANTIS, AND EMPEROR OF THE SEVEN SEAS!

AND THEN, THE SUB-MARINER NOTICES--
THE RADIO DEVICE WHICH A FOOL SURFACEMAN GAVE ME WHEN HE HOPED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MY LAPSE OF MEMORY!

CRUNCH!
AND NOW, IT IS TIME TO PLAN MY COUNTER-ATTACK AGAINST KRANG--

--AND PERHAPS, AGAINST THE HOSTILE HUMAN RACE, AS WELL!
FOR, DESPITE MY EFFORTS FOR FRIENDSHIP, FOR PEACE WITH THE AIR-BREATHERS--THEY HAVE EVER PROVEN TO BE--MY ENEMIES!

WHILE, AT THE PENTHOUSE HEADQUARTERS OF NUMBER ONE--
SOMETHING IS WRONG! THE CONTACT HAS BEEN BROKEN! THE CIRCUIT IS DEAD!
BUT, I MUST REACH NAMOR!! I MUST!
ONLY HE POSSESSES THE STRENGTH TO BATTLE THE HULK!
AND, THE HULK MUST DIE--FOR IT WAS HIS INTERFERENCE THAT HELPED TO DESTROY MY SECRET EMPIRE!*
*AS WE SAW DEEP IN THE HEART OF SMASH 75 — BATTLING BART.

IT ISN'T ***FAIR!*** IT ISN'T ***RIGHT!*** I ***MUST*** FIND HIM! HE ***MUST*** DESTROY THE HULK FOR ME--SO THAT ***I*** CAN CLAIM FULL ***CREDIT!***

ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN AN ANONYMOUS ***NOBODY***--A SCIENTIST WHOM NO ONE EVER ***HEARD*** OF!

THEN, WHEN I TURNED TO CRIME--WHEN I ORGANIZED MY ***SECRET EMPIRE***, I WAS FORCED TO ***REMAIN*** AN UNKNOWN--TO HIDE MY IDENTITY BENEATH THIS HOOD!

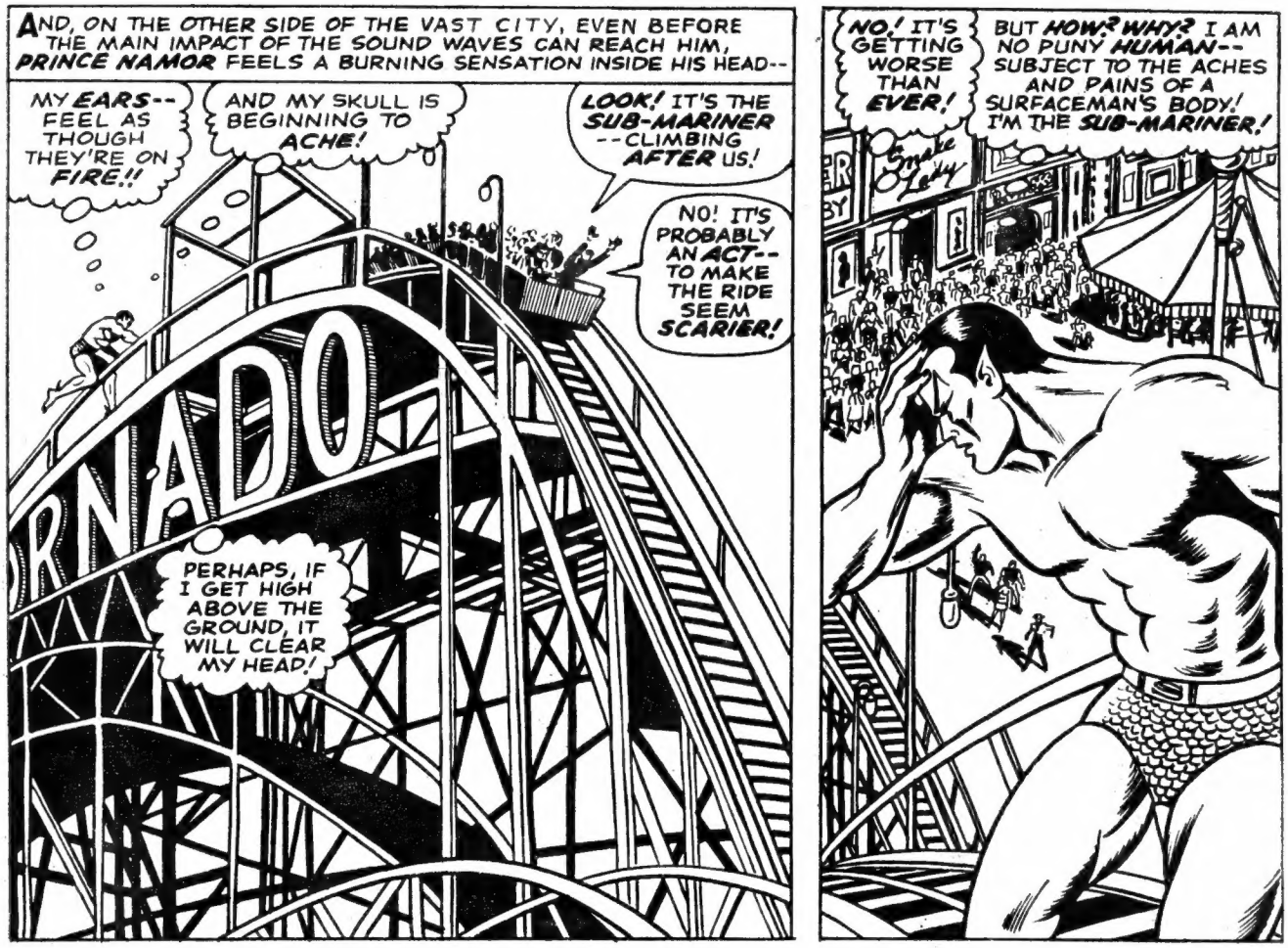
BUT, ALTHOUGH MY PLANS HAVE BEEN REDUCED TO ASHES--ALTHOUGH MY EMPIRE OF CRIME HAS BEEN TOTALLY SMASHED--I STILL HAVE THIS ***ONE CHANCE*** TO ACHIEVE UNDYING FAME--IF I CAN BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF THE ***HULK!***

THEN, WHEN I FINALLY CHOOSE TO ***UNMASK,*** MEN WILL LOOK UPON ME WITH ***AWE!*** THEY WILL LEARN MY NAME, AND ***REMEMBER*** IT! ***NOTHING*** MUST KEEP ME FROM THAT GOAL!

KLLK

PERHAPS I CAN FIND THE SUB-MARINER BY MEANS OF MY ***VIDEO-SCANNER!*** I ***DARE NOT*** LOSE CONTACT WITH HIM NOW!

O.K., THEN! READ PAGE 15 **AFTER** YOU'VE READ THE **SUB-MARINER!**


AND, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VAST CITY, EVEN BEFORE THE MAIN IMPACT OF THE SOUND WAVES CAN REACH HIM, PRINCE NAMOR FEELS A BURNING SENSATION INSIDE HIS HEAD--
MY EARS-- FEEL AS THOUGH THEY'RE ON FIRE!!
AND MY SKULL IS BEGINNING TO ACHE!
LOOK! IT'S THE SUB-MARINER --CLIMBING AFTER US!
NO! IT'S PROBABLY AN ACT-- TO MAKE THE RIDE SEEM SCARIER!
PERHAPS, IF I GET HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND, IT WILL CLEAR MY HEAD!
NO! IT'S GETTING WORSE THAN EVER!
BUT HOW? WHY? I AM NO PUNY HUMAN-- SUBJECT TO THE ACHES AND PAINS OF A SURFACEMAN'S BODY! I'M THE SUB-MARINER!

THERE CAN BE BUT ONE ANSWER--
SOME STRANGE WEAPON IS BEING USED AGAINST ME FROM AN UNSEEN FOE! CAN IT BE KRANG--??
LOOK OUT! WE-WE'RE GOING TO CRASH INTO HIM!
HELP!! HE'LL BE KILLED-- RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES!
PANICKY WEAKLINGS!! YOU THINK PRINCE NAMOR IS HELPLESS BEFORE A PUNY ONRUSHING VEHICLE??!
I NEED ONLY TO STAND MY GROUND--AND THE IMPACT WILL SEND YOU PLUNGING TO YOUR DOOM-- WHILE I REMAIN UNHARMED!

BUT, A SPLIT-SECOND LATER--
THEY ARE MY ENEMIES!! THEY ARE THE HUMANS--WHO HATE ME AND FEAR ME!
SO LONG AS LIFE ENDURES, THERE WILL BE NAUGHT BUT ENMITY BETWEEN US--AS IT IS OUR DESTINY TO BATTLE FOR POSSESSION OF THIS PLANET WHICH NOW WE SHARE!
AND YET, I CANNOT BRING MYSELF TO HARM THEM!! IN PLACE OF THE HATRED WHICH SHOULD FILL MY HEART--I SEEM TO FEEL ONLY--PITY!
RRRRRRRRRRRR
CAN IT BE THAT KRANG WAS RIGHT? IS NAMOR TOO WEAK TO WEAR THE CROWN OF ATLANTIS?? AM I NOT RESOLUTE ENOUGH TO RULE?
LOOK! HE LEAPED TO SAFETY!! HE'S ACTUALLY FLYING WITH THOSE STRANGE WINGED FEET OF HIS!

LISTEN!! A SCREAM--FROM ABOVE!
THERE!! FLYING OVERHEAD--IT'S THE SUB-MARINER!
THE BIG DIPPER ALMOST CRASHED INTO HIM!

THE PAIN GROWS WORSE!!
PERHAPS IF I LEAVE THIS PLACE IT WILL SUBSIDE!
HE'S HEADING BACK ACROSS THE RIVER!
BUT, IF HE LANDS OVER THERE --THAT'S WHERE THE HULK IS SAID TO BE!!

HOWEVER, NAMOR CARES NOTHING FOR THE HULK--OR ANYONE ELSE, AT THIS MOMENT! HIS ONLY CONCERN, AS HE PLUMMETS TO THE GROUND. AT THE EDGE OF A PARK, IS ABLE TO RID HIMSELF OF THE ALMOST UNBEARABLE PAIN VIBRATING IN HIS SKULL!
CAN'T STAY ALOFT ANY LONGER! MUST LAND--MUST LEARN WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME!

YOU'RE GETTING NEARER!!!

IT'S NO USE!! I CAN'T REACH HIM! I'VE GOT TO FACE THE HULK ALONE!
THERE HE IS-- IN THE STREET BELOW ME-- STILL COMING THIS WAY!!
BUT--HE WON'T FIND ME HELPLESS!! THERE IS STILL ONE LAST PLAN I CAN EXECUTE!

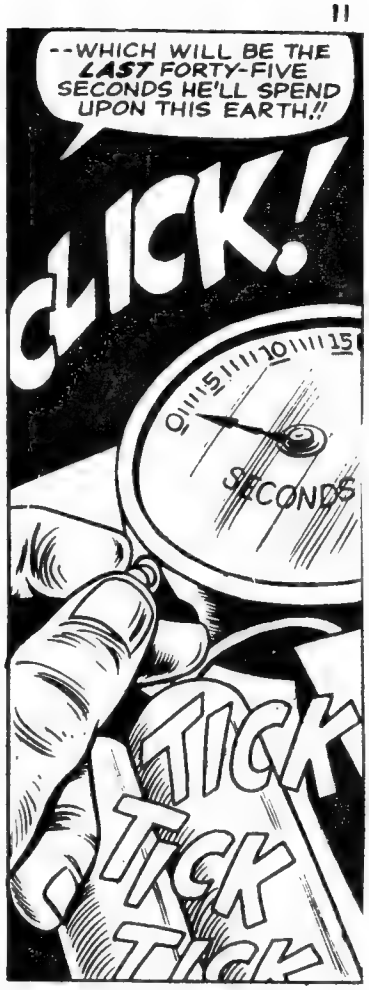
WHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY, WE FIND--
THE PAIN IS GONE! I AM MYSELF ONCE MORE!
I AM FREE TO ACT--TO FIGHT--TO PURSUE ANY COURSE OF ACTION I DEEM BEST!

AND, SOMEHOW I FEEL THAT MY DESTINY LIES THERE--WITHIN THE GREAT SEA OF SKYSCRAPERS THAT SEEMS TO BECKON TO ME--!

AND, IN THE VERY HEART OF THAT TEEMING METROPOLIS, WE FIND--
RUN!! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! IT'S THE HULK!!
HE CAN'T THREATEN US MUCH LONGER! THE POLICE ARE CONVERGING FROM ALL SIDES!
POLICE? COMING AFTER HULK? MUST ESCAPE! MUST GET AWAY--!
HE'S RUNNING TOWARD AN EXPENSIVE BLOCK OF FLATS!

HULK CAN LEAP ABOVE POLICE--ABOVE EVERYBODY!! NO ONE CAN CATCH ME!

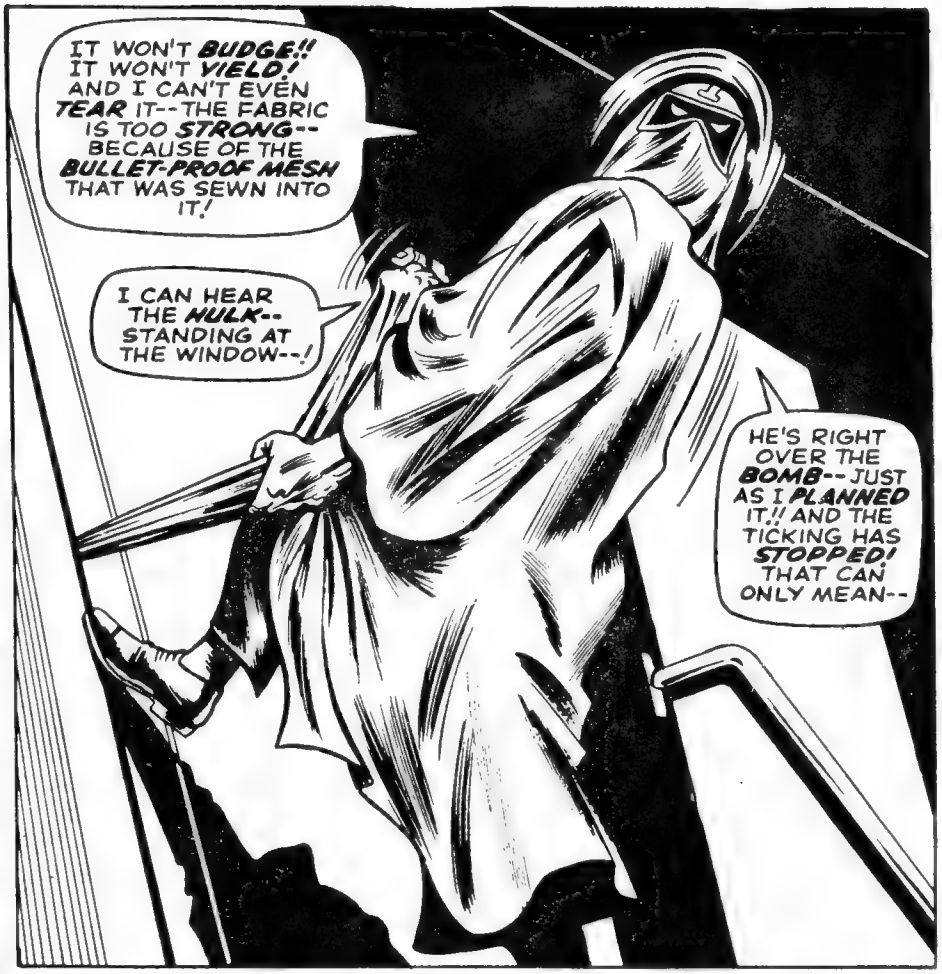
I WAS RIGHT! HE KNOWS I'M HERE, SOMEHOW! HE'S COMING FOR ME! BUT, I'LL OUTWIT HIM!
THIS SPECIALLY-PREPARED EXPLOSIVE WILL BE HIS UNDOING!
AT THE RATE HE'S CLIMBING, HE'LL REACH HERE IN THE NEXT FORTY-FIVE SECONDS--!


--WHICH WILL BE THE LAST FORTY-FIVE SECONDS HE'LL SPEND UPON THIS EARTH!!
CLICK!
SECONDS
TICK TICK TICK

TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK
I TIMED IT PERFECTLY!!
THIS ENTIRE PENTHOUSE WILL BE DESTROYED--AND THE HULK ALONG WITH IT--WHILE I FLEE TO SAFETY DOWN THE STAIRS OUTSIDE THIS DOOR!
AT LAST THE FAME AND GLORY I HAVE LONGED FOR WILL SOON BE MINE!

NO MORE WILL I BE A HOODED NON-ENTITY--WHOSE FACE AND IDENTITY ARE UNKNOWN BY ALL!
FROM NOW ON, I--WAIT!! WHAT'S THIS?!!
CLACK
THE DOOR!! IT LOCKED UPON THE BOTTOM OF MY CLOAK!
I'M CAUGHT-HERE!
SLAM

I'VE GOT TO WRENCH IT FREE--BEFORE THE BOMB GOES OFF--!
BUT I CAN'T!! IT'S CAUGHT IN THE LOCK ITSELF!!
AND, THERE'S NO TIME TO TAKE OFF THE CLOAK! I-I MUST PULL FREE--!


IT WON'T BUDGE!! IT WON'T YIELD! AND I CAN'T EVEN TEAR IT--THE FABRIC IS TOO STRONG--BECAUSE OF THE BULLET-PROOF MESH THAT WAS SEWN INTO IT!
I CAN HEAR THE HULK--STANDING AT THE WINDOW--!
HE'S RIGHT OVER THE BOMB--JUST AS I PLANNED IT!! AND THE TICKING HAS STOPPED! THAT CAN ONLY MEAN--

IT'S ABOUT TO EXPLO--UNHHHH!
THE DESPERATE, ANGUISHED CRY OF THE HOODED ARCH-VILLAIN IS DROWNED OUT BY THE SOUND OF THE ENSUING EXPLOSION--AN EXPLOSION WHICH COMPLETELY DEMOLISHES NUMBER ONE'S ENTIRE PENTHOUSE SANCTUM--BUT AFFECTS THE INCREDIBLE HULK NO MORE THAN A HICCUP COULD AFFECT A TORNADO--!

NOW! WIN THAT BIKE!! PAGE 15...

TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:—
TERRIFIC
64, LONG ACRE
LONDON, W.C.2

Dear Alf and Bart,
DESPAIR, DESPAIR. I'm a nervous wreck since TERRIFIC came out. There are two reasons: 1. It's too long a span of time between each week to wait for the next ish. 2. My mother stopped my pocket-money for a month (reason top-secret) so I can't have any TERRIFICS at all (sob, sob, wail)! PULEEZ help me and send me lovely £1 note to spend it all on TERRIFICS. Could you please put ol' D.D. in POW instead of SMASH, 'cos I can't afford to buy SMASH, but I CAN afford POW (reason top-secret).
Yours insanely,
G. J. Roberts,
Rhymney, Mon.
P.S. PULEEEEZ take that Stupid, Pointless and squeamish Don Starr out of your comic, 'cos it's spoilin' it.

We see what you mean about being a nervous wreck, G.J.R.—your letter has been walking up and down our desk for the last three hours, we had to hit it with a rolled copy of the Ratcatchers and Comic Writers Gazette before we could read it!
Alf and Bart

Dear Alf and Bart,
The other day a *Titanic tragedy* occurred! My mother asked me to wind up the clock. I was enjoying TERRIFIC at the time, and not even the AVENGERS with all their super powers could tear me away from this marvellous mag; so what chance did my Mum have? I walked towards the clock unsteadily, still reading my TERRIFIC, stumbled over a chair, and stuck my fist straight through the clock face. Apart from minor injuries to the hand, I am one pound in debt.
Chris Berry,
Rushden, Northants.

Keep your hands in your pockets next time you stumble over a chair, Chris.
Alf and Bart

Dear Alf and Bart and Cos,
Here is some good news for frantic ones who HATE cutting up their FANTASTICS and TERRIFICS to put the pin-ups on their bedroom walls. I asked kids in our area and THEY never even thought about it. Get the comics and pin them up, fronts facing the wall—so one can gloat at the pin-ups *and* read the comic after up-pinning!
Hail Power, make mine Marvel and ban Brand X!
Karl Wood,
Leeds.

This week's award for genius is on its way North, K. W.—don't pin it to the wall!!
Alf and Bart

Dear Frantic Keepers of the Garret,
Just answer me this: What happens when you get a Prince of Atlantis, a weird doctor who claims he's the master of all magic, and five cooky characters who call themselves Avengers, all in a forty-page creation, stick a single word at the top in Cinemascope and Technicolor and publish it? The mind boggles! If such a book ever hit the bookstalls, there would be complete chaos in every suburb of every city in our fair domain. Britain would stop still. Buses, taxis and British Rail would go out of business. There would be no grocers, bakers or betting shops. All mankind would head for the nearest newsagent and chaos would strike! But the men at power H.Q. are fearless enemies of society. They are as fearless as Daredevil—ah, but let us not give Alf, Bart and Cos any more ideas. Let us hope that members of the garret forget about the Namor—Avenger—Strange mag for the sake of our nation. Please, please no more! I beg for mercy beloved editors, so please don't—but no! It can't be, can it? They have done it, they've released their most dangerous weapon ever, TERRIFIC! So I must finish before I'm dragged towards the book stalls for a grand copy; no . . . stop me, I can't help myself . . . I'm going . . . see you in hell, frantic ones!
Bill Beck,
Northfleet, Kent.

Hope they weren't sold out!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I have often wondered about the surnames of mutants and the Gods, especially LOKI's. Is it Loki Smith or Loki Jones, or even Loki Humperdinck? What is it, if any?
T. Ellis,
Manchester.

The Gods just don't have surnames. T. E. Up here in the garret we're musing on your Christian name. Is it Tristam? Trixi? Teatime? Tiny? Tubby? Tiddles? Tunbridge Wells? or just Terrific?
Alf and Bart. (We don't have surnames either.)

Dear Alf and Bart,
In my dream I saw that I had become a member of the Mighty Avengers. I had a special costume which they had made for me. Iron-Man made me a transistorized belt. Captain America taught me Judo, Karate and Weight-lifting. Then the Mighty Avengers took me through a number of tests. I just about passed them! I was then ready to go to battle with Zemo and his evil assistants. It was a great dream that's why I thought I should tell you.
Alan Child,
Birmingham 19.

Hope you didn't fall out of bed, Alan, or do you sleep standing up?
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I have a complaint: how can Zemo inject Wonder Man when bullets just bounce off him?
Robert Scott,
Portsoy, Banffshire.

There's no accounting for tastes, but Wonder Man always had a soft spot for Zemo till they finally bust up!
Alf and Bart.

FREE!

STAMP COLLECTOR'S OUTFIT

INCLUDING:

- ★ *Stamp Identifier*
- ★ *Surprise Packet of Foreign stamps*
- ★ *Stamp album*
- ★ *Transparent Envelopes*
- ★ *Prize set of 9 Hungarian stamps*
- ★ *Magnifying Glass*

Just fill in the Coupon below and enclose 6d. for postage. Our Famous discount pictorial Approvals will accompany each free outfit.

Please tell your parents you are writing.

Please send free gift and Approvals as advertised to

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

The BRIDGNORTH STAMP Co. Ltd
(DEPT. P.151), BRIDGNORTH, SHROPSHIRE

CUT-OUT

These sporty machines have high rise handlebars, short sports mudguards and a three-speed Sturmey Archer gear with 'Sportshift' stub-type gear lever. They've got banana shaped pole saddles, sweptwing chainguards and lightweight Endrick rims.

PHEEW ! ! !

Time flies—it seems only YESTERDAY that we were proudly announcing the start of this fabulous competition . . . now there are only THREE short weeks left before the last coupon appears before you !

So don't waste time ! Remember the competition appears in all five of our POWER mags : FANTASTIC—TERRIFIC—SMASH—WHAM—POW . . . and each week you can compete on an entry coupon from any or all of these mags !

What is more, you can send your entry in now or, to save postage, you can keep them all and send them all up together at the end of the contest !

HOW TO ENTER

Pierrots on the piers are strictly for squares ! What we want is pops in the Pavilion !

Imagine you were to be the producer of a pop show to run for the summer at a British seaside resort. If you could book TEN of the turns listed on your free entry coupon, which TEN would you choose in order to make the show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success ?

Simply place a cross (X) in the blank spaces next to the TEN turns you select. You don't have to worry about the order in which they will appear—just mark ten crosses. If you are aged 10 or under you may complete your entries in pencil : older readers MUST use ink—pen or ball-point.

Next, add your age and your name and address in block letters, and post your entry in a sealed envelope (4d. postage) to the address shown on your entry coupon. Remember, you can post your coupon(s) now, or you can save them until the end of the competition. All entries must arrive by not later than FRIDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1967.

RULES

There are ten prizes, each of a Raleigh Mustang bicycle. All entries will be examined, and the prizes awarded to the ten competitors who have, in the opinion of the judges, shown the most skill and judgement in selecting the ten turns which, together, would make a seaside summer pop show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success. Should there be more than ten such entries, those tying will be invited to enter a free eliminating contest to decide the ten winners. No reader can win more than one award.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire other than children of employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies. Each reader is allowed to submit one entry coupon every week from each of the five Power comics in which this competition appears.

The decisions of the Managing Editor and the judges are final in all matters relating to the competition, and no correspondence will be entered into. The results will be published in the five Power Comics.

FREE ENTRY FORM
POWER POP COMPETITION

Place a cross (X) in the blank space against each of the TEN turns you select.

Bachelors		Monkees	
Barron Knights		Paul and Barry Ryan	
Cat Stevens		Petula Clark	
Cliff Richard		Sandie Shaw	
Dusty Springfield		Seekers	
Freddie and the Dreamers		Shadows	
Ken Dodd		Tom Jones	
Lulu		Tremeloes	
Mammas and Poppas		Val Doonican	
Manfred Mann		Walker Brothers	

AGE..... NAME.....
(Block letters)

ADDRESS .....
(Block letters)

.....

.....

Post your entry to : POWER POP COMPETITION
96 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.99. 12.8.67

—Cut around dotted line—

THE MIGHTY AVENGERS

"EVEN AVENGERS CAN DIE!" PART 2

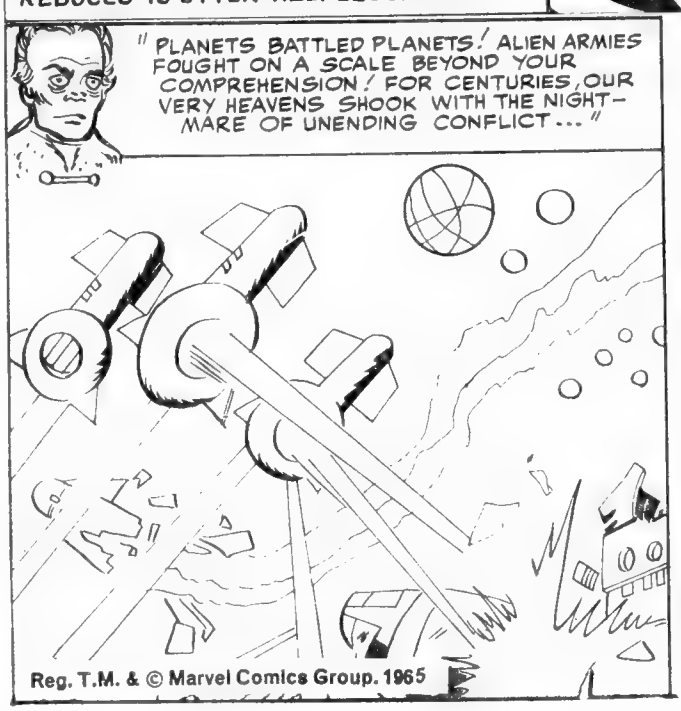
AS THE WASP LIES CRITICALLY WOUNDED IN HOSPITAL THE **AVENGERS** HUNT FOR **DOCTOR SVENSON** THE ONLY SURGEON IN THE WORLD WITH THE SPECIALIZED KNOWLEDGE THAT CAN SAVE HER FROM **CERTAIN DEATH!** BUT SVENSON IS IN THE HANDS OF A POWERFUL ARMY OF **ALIENS** WHO ARE SECRETLY BASED UNDER THE **NORTH POLE.** FICTION'S MOST DYMANIC TEAM BATTLE THE ALIENS IN THEIR VERY LAIR— ONLY TO BE **PARALYSED, CAPTURED** AND BROUGHT BEFORE THE LEADER OF THEIR POTENT ADVERSARIES...

SO! LISTEN WELL, EARTHLINGS! I, OGOR, AM RULER OF THE ***KALLUSIANS!*** FOR AGES, WE DWELT PEACEFULLY IN A FAR DISTANT GALAXY!

WE RENDERED THE EARTHMEN IMMOBILE! BUT THEIR ***HEARING*** IS UN-IMPAIRED, AS ***OGOR*** ORDERED!

BUT THEN, IN THE EVER-CHANGING COURSE OF COSMIC EVENTS, AN ***INTER-PLANETARY WAR*** BROKE OUT!

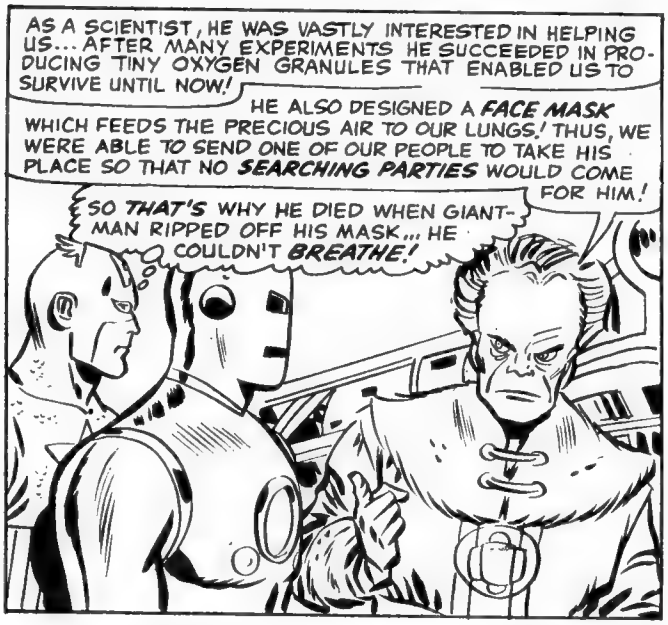
...THUS, WHILE THE FRAIL LIFE OF A STRICKEN GIRL HANGS PRECARIOUSLY IN THE BALANCE, THOSE WHO WOULD SAVE HER FIND THEMSELVES REDUCED TO UTTER HELPLESSNESS...



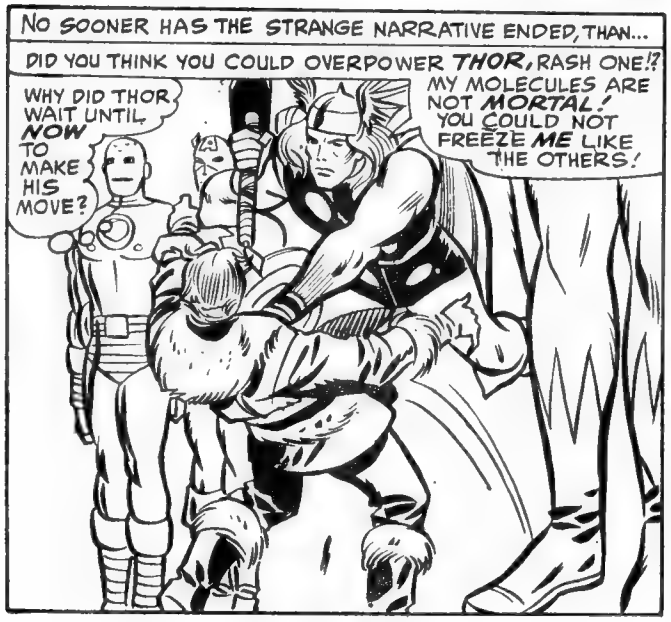
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1965

"ONCE ON EARTH, HOWEVER, WE DISCOVERED WE COULD NOT SURVIVE IN YOUR ATMOSPHERE... AND OUR OWN TYPE OF OXYGEN WAS NOT ENOUGH TO SUSTAIN US INDEFINITELY! THE SUPPLY WAS SLOWLY DWINDLING! IT APPEARED WE WERE DESTINED TO PERISH!"
MASTER! I CANNOT BREATHE! I BEG OF YOU... MORE OXYGEN!
ALAS, OUR SUPPLY IS RATIONED! WE CANNOT GIVE HIM ANOTHER MAN'S SHARE! WE ARE ALL DOOMED!
WE WILL NEVER SURVIVE LONG ENOUGH TO REGROUP OUR FORCES AND RETURN TO KALLU!

"WHEN ALL LOOKED HOPELESS, A STROKE OF GOOD FORTUNE CAME UPON US! YOUR DOCTOR SVENSON WAS ON AN EXPEDITION IN THIS AREA AND ACCIDENTALLY STUMBLED INTO OUR MIDST..."
THE EARTH MAN CLAIMS TO BE A SCIENTIST! PERHAPS HE CAN HELP US!
I AM DOING RESEARCH ON RESPIRATION IN ARCTIC REGIONS! BUT WHO ARE YOU?
FATE HAS SENT YOU TO US! WE MUST INFORM THE MASTER OF THIS!


AS A SCIENTIST, HE WAS VASTLY INTERESTED IN HELPING US... AFTER MANY EXPERIMENTS HE SUCCEEDED IN PRODUCING TINY OXYGEN GRANULES THAT ENABLED US TO SURVIVE UNTIL NOW!
HE ALSO DESIGNED A FACE MASK WHICH FEEDS THE PRECIOUS AIR TO OUR LUNGS! THUS, WE WERE ABLE TO SEND ONE OF OUR PEOPLE TO TAKE HIS PLACE SO THAT NO SEARCHING PARTIES WOULD COME FOR HIM!
SO THAT'S WHY HE DIED WHEN GIANT-MAN RIPPED OFF HIS MASK... HE COULDN'T BREATHE!

WE MASTERED YOUR LANGUAGE OVER THE MANY YEARS BY PICKING UP YOUR RADIO AND TELEVISION SIGNALS WITH OUR STELLAR-TRANSMITTER! YOU SEE, WE KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU! BUT ENOUGH TALK!... YOU WILL LEAVE HERE WHEN WE SAY! BUT NOT WITH DOCTOR SVENSON!


NO SOONER HAS THE STRANGE NARRATIVE ENDED, THAN...
DID YOU THINK YOU COULD OVERPOWER THOR, RASH ONE!?
WHY DID THOR WAIT UNTIL NOW TO MAKE HIS MOVE?
MY MOLECULES ARE NOT MORTAL! YOU COULD NOT FREEZE ME LIKE THE OTHERS!

I ONLY PRETENDED TO BE FROZEN, HOPING HE WOULD REVEAL TO ME WHERE DOCTOR SVENSON IS BEING HELD! SINCE HE DID NOT, I MUST RESORT TO MORE AGGRESSIVE MEANS!
ORDER YOUR PEOPLE TO RELEASE MY FELLOW AVENGERS... OR FACE THE FULL WRATH OF THOR!
I MUST NEVER BE TOUCHED BY EARTHLY HANDS! WE SHALL DO AS HE SAYS... THEN DEAL WITH THE INSOLENT ONE LATER!
YOU SPEAK WISELY, MASTER!...HE DOES POSSESS A MOST AWESOME POWER!

THE KALLU CHIEFTAIN GIVES HIS SIGNAL, AND A BLINDING RAY OF LIGHT BURSTS FORTH ... FREEING THE AVENGERS FROM THEIR PRISON OF ICE...
PHIZZZZT!
ZAWISSST!
IT IS DONE! NOW, WILL YOU RELEASE YOUR GRASP ON ME, EARTH MAN?
NO!... I AM NOT FINISHED WITH YOU YET! TELL US WHERE YOU ARE HIDING DOCTOR SVENSON! WE MUST TAKE HIM BACK AT ONCE!
PHIZZZZT!

BUT, EVEN A THUNDER GOD CANNOT HAVE EYES IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD...
THERE! NOW I HAVE THE MAGIC WEAPON! WITHOUT IT, YOU ARE POWER-LESS!
YOU MAY TOUCH THE ENCHANTED HAMMER, BUT NONE CAN LIFT IT, SAVE THOR!
SEIZE HIM!! WE CAN NEVER GIVE UP OUR EARTH DOCTOR! DESTROY THE INTRUDERS!!

ATTACK!!... IF WE LOSE THE CAPTIVE EARTHLING, WE SHALL SURELY PERISH!
THEY MUST NOT LEAVE HERE ALIVE! OUR PRESENCE MUST BE KEPT SECRET!

AND SO, THE INEVITABLE BATTLE BEGINS...
A THOUSAND OF THEM AGAINST FOUR OF US! YET, WE MUST TRIUMPH... AND WITHIN MINUTES, IF WE'RE TO SAVE THE WASP!
BEFORE WE CRUSH YOU ALL... SPEAK!! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE DOCTOR?
LOOK OUT FOR THEIR ICE RAYS! REMEMBER HOW THEY STOPPED US LAST TIME!
EARTH BRAGGART! IT IS YOU WHO SHALL BE CRUSHED BY OUR SUPERIOR FORCE!

AS THE WILD SCRAMBLE CONTINUES, MASSIVE GIANT ARMS REACH OUT AND SCOOP UP ALIENS BY THE HANDFUL...
GOT TO MAKE QUICK WORK OF THEM! NO TIME TO LOSE! MUST BRING THAT DOCTOR BACK TO SAVE JAN!

WITH ONE POWERFUL THRUST, THE KALLUSIANS ARE TOSSED ABOUT LIKE PUPPETS ON A STRING...
MUST TAKE MY MIND OFF WASP! WORRYING CAN'T HELP HER NOW! ONLY FIGHTING CAN!
WHISSH!
WHASSH!
THE GIANT ONE FIGHTS LIKE AN ENTIRE ARMY!

ONE AVENGER IN BATTLE IS BREATHTAKING ENOUGH... BUT FOUR OF THEM IS A SIGHT TO BEHOLD...
IF I CAN HOLD THEM OFF LONG ENOUGH, IT'LL GIVE THE OTHERS A CHANCE TO USE THEIR SUPER-POWERS!

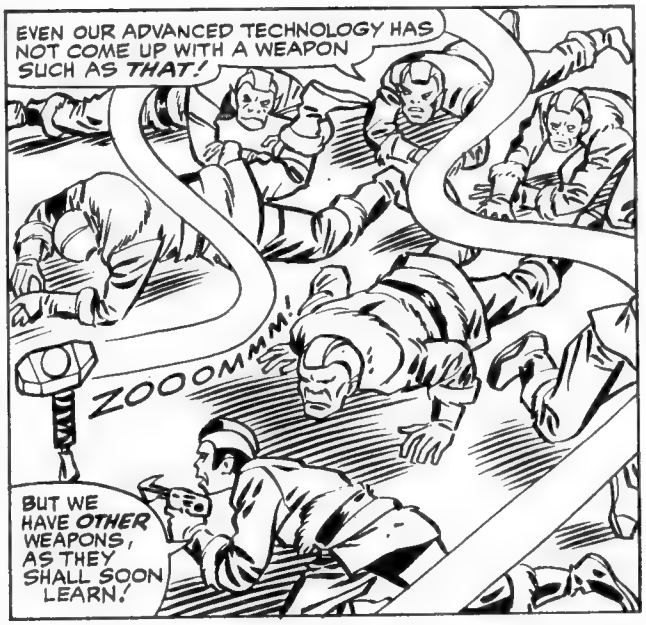
WISH I KNEW HOW MUCH TIME HAS ELAPSED!... DID THE 48 HOURS GO BY WHILE WE WERE FROZEN?
I'D HATE TO THINK WE'RE FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE AGAINST THE CLOCK!
THIS ONE IS A MAGICIAN!

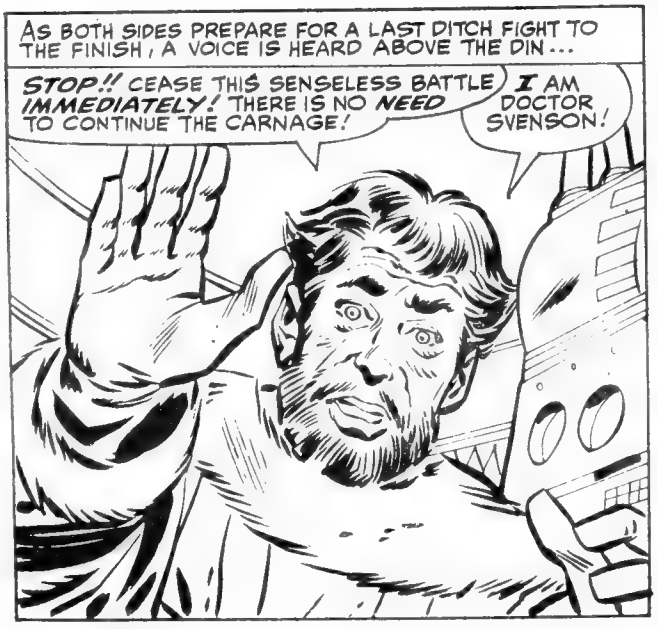
IRON MAN'S WHIRLING REPULSORS SPIN THE ATTACKERS AROUND UNTIL THE WHOLE AREA VIBRATES IN A PULSATING RHYTHM...
LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH! I COULD KEEP THIS UP ALL DAY!!
I WISH I WERE REALLY THAT CONFIDENT! BUT AN AVENGER MUST SHOW NO FEAR!
WHIRRR!
WHIRRR!
WHAT ELECTRONIC WIZARDRY IS THIS?
WHIRR!

HE IS HERE! NO!.. HE IS OVER THERE!
HE IS EVERYWHERE! HE HOPS ABOUT LIKE A MECHANICAL MAN!
YOU FOOLS! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT HE IS?!
MY TRANSISTORS CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER! IT'LL BE UP TO THE OTHERS IN ANOTHER FEW SECONDS!
THERE HE GOES! AFTER HIM!!

AND THOSE OTHERS ARE NOT FOUND WANTING!! ONE SMASH OF THOR'S THUNDEROUS MALLET UPON THE BARREN FLOOR SENDS SCORES OF KALLU SOLDIERS CAREENING ABOUT IN COMPLETE CHAOS...
TAKE NOTE, I SAY! DO NOT MAKE THOR MISUSE HIS WEAPON AND BLOW YOU ALL TO SMITHEREENS!
HE DID NOT TOUCH US...YET WE GO FLYING!
WE DO NOT WISH TO DO YOU HARM! GIVE US THE ONE WE SEEK AND YOU WILL BE SPARED!
WE CANNOT!! WITHOUT HIM, WE MUST LEAVE THIS ACCURSED PLANET AHEAD OF SCHEDULE!
BAVA-VOOM!

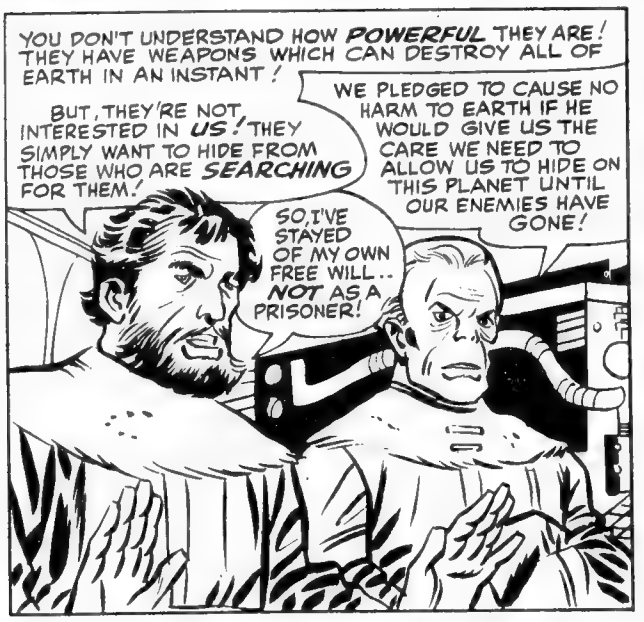
THEN, IN A FINAL FIT OF RAGE, THE NORSE GOD HURLS HIS URU HAMMER INTO THE AIR...
HERE IS BUT A SAMPLE OF THE VENGEANCE YOU FACE, WHEN YOU INCUR THE ANGER OF THOR!

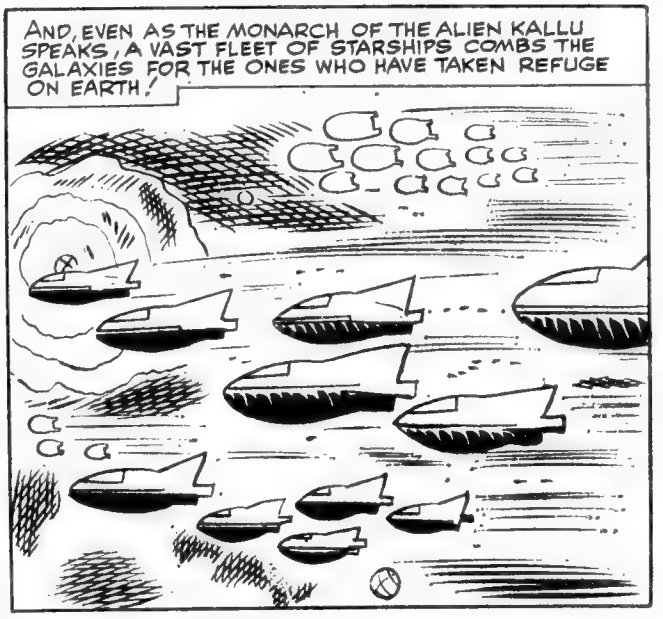

EVEN OUR ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY HAS NOT COME UP WITH A WEAPON SUCH AS THAT!
ZOOOMMM!
BUT WE HAVE OTHER WEAPONS, AS THEY SHALL SOON LEARN!

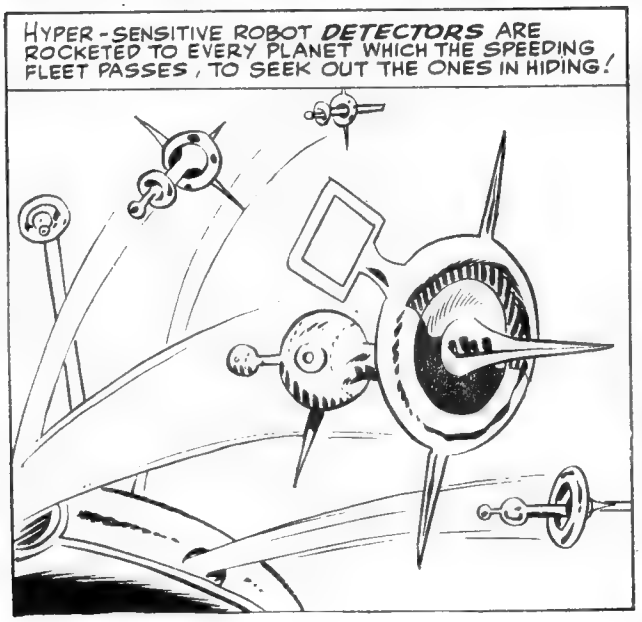

AS BOTH SIDES PREPARE FOR A LAST DITCH FIGHT TO THE FINISH, A VOICE IS HEARD ABOVE THE DIN...
STOP!! CEASE THIS SENSELESS BATTLE IMMEDIATELY! THERE IS NO NEED TO CONTINUE THE CARNAGE!
I AM DOCTOR SVENSON!

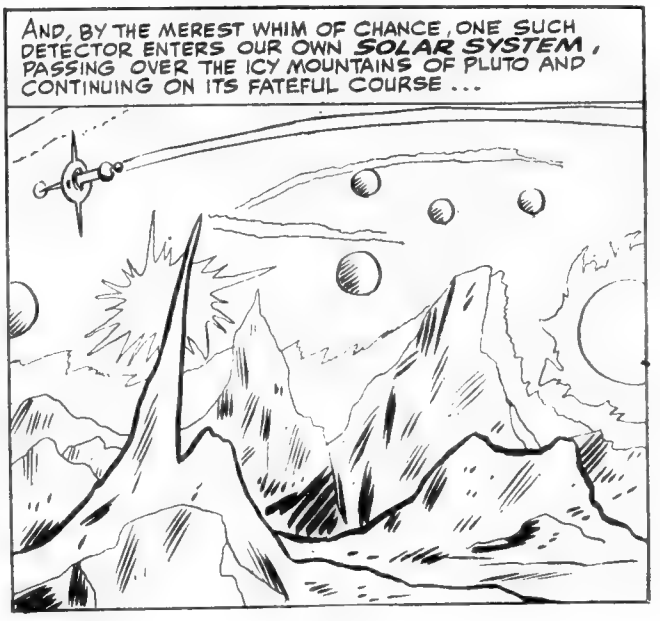
I INSIST THAT YOU HALT YOUR ATTACK...OR I WILL NO LONGER SERVE YOU!
IT APPEARS THAT WE HAVE NO CHOICE! I WILL GIVE THE ORDER!
CEASE FIRING!!

RESTRAIN THE GIANT ONE! THERE IS THE LOOK OF A RAMPAGING MADMAN ABOUT HIM!
DOCTOR... LISTEN! THERE IS A GIRL IN AMERICA... SHE'S DYING... ONLY YOU CAN SAVE HER! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!
WE'VE TRAVELLED HALF-WAY ROUND THE WORLD TO FIND YOU! WE CAN'T FAIL NOW! YOU MUST COME BACK WITH US... IMMEDIATELY!
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT PRESSURE THEY'VE USED TO KEEP YOU HERE, DOCTOR, BUT THEY CAN'T HOLD YOU ANY LONGER... WE'LL SEE TO THAT!


YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW POWERFUL THEY ARE! THEY HAVE WEAPONS WHICH CAN DESTROY ALL OF EARTH IN AN INSTANT!
BUT, THEY'RE NOT INTERESTED IN US! THEY SIMPLY WANT TO HIDE FROM THOSE WHO ARE SEARCHING FOR THEM!
WE PLEDGED TO CAUSE NO HARM TO EARTH IF HE WOULD GIVE US THE CARE WE NEED TO ALLOW US TO HIDE ON THIS PLANET UNTIL OUR ENEMIES HAVE GONE!
SO, I'VE STAYED OF MY OWN FREE WILL.. NOT AS A PRISONER!


AND, EVEN AS THE MONARCH OF THE ALIEN KALLU SPEAKS, A VAST FLEET OF STARSHIPS COMBS THE GALAXIES FOR THE ONES WHO HAVE TAKEN REFUGE ON EARTH!


HYPER-SENSITIVE ROBOT DETECTORS ARE ROCKETED TO EVERY PLANET WHICH THE SPEEDING FLEET PASSES, TO SEEK OUT THE ONES IN HIDING!


AND, BY THE MEREST WHIM OF CHANCE, ONE SUCH DETECTOR ENTERS OUR OWN SOLAR SYSTEM, PASSING OVER THE ICY MOUNTAINS OF PLUTO AND CONTINUING ON ITS FATEFUL COURSE...

THEN, WHILE PASSING OVER THE BARREN MOON OF EARTH, ITS INCREDIBLY SENSITIVE DETECTION MECHANISM PICKS UP THE FIRST FAINT TRACE OF THE KALLU, AS IT SENDS A DELTANOID RAY HURTLING TOWARDS THE ARCTIC REGION...!

WITHOUT WARNING, THE POWERFUL RAY SHATTERS THE KALLU MONITORING STATION, PREVENTING IT FROM SOUNDING AN ALARM!

BUT, ONE ALIEN, OFF ON A MISSION OF EXPLORATION, IS ABLE TO SURVIVE THE BLAST AND CRY INTO A HIDDEN SPEAKER TUBE...
THEY'VE FOUND US... SOUND THE ALARM... THEY'VE FOUND US!!

THEN, THOUSANDS OF FEET BELOW THE SURFACE...
WE ARE DISCOVERED!! BEGIN OPERATION LAST RESORT IMMEDIATELY!!

WE HAD HOPED TO AVOID THIS... BUT NOW, WE HAVE NO CHOICE! WE MUST DO BATTLE, HERE AND NOW!
NO! YOU CAN'T! A WAR BETWEEN TWO SUCH POWERFUL FORCES COULD DESTROY THE EARTH! THE HUMAN RACE COULD NEVER SURVIVE!
YOU PROMISED IT WOULD NEVER HAPPEN IF I HELPED YOU!

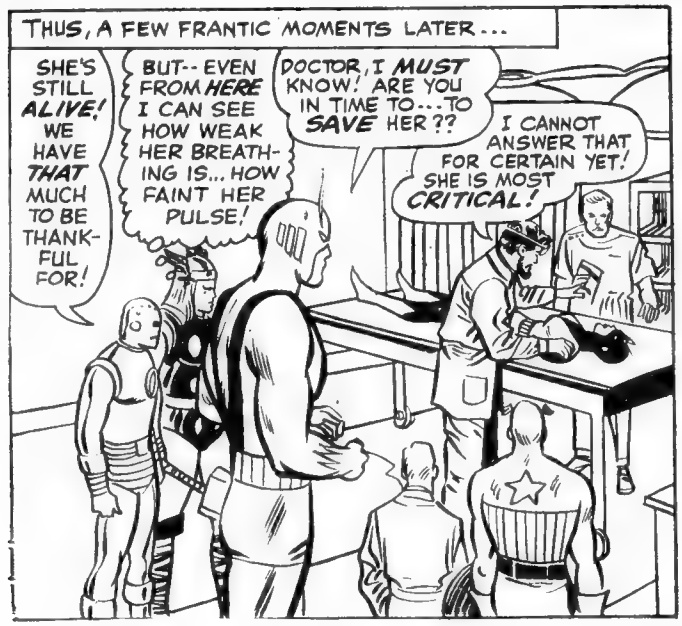
WE KEPT OUR PROMISE... WHILE WE COULD! NOW THE DECISION IS NO LONGER OURS!
BESIDES, IN AN INTER-GALACTIC WAR SUCH AS THIS, ONE PLANET MEANS NOTHING!
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!
SOUND THE BATTLE CRY...!

AVENGERS ASSEMBLE!
EARTH MUST BE SAVED! LEAVE AT ONCE, OR YOU FIGHT US, AS WELL!

STOP!! WE CAN AFFORD NO OTHER DISTRACTIONS, NO MATTER HOW MINOR! YOU WIN! WE SHALL LEAVE YOUR PRIMITIVE WORLD AND ENGAGE OUR FOES IN OUTER SPACE!
IF YOUR TONGUE SPEAK FALSE... BEWARE!

SET YOUR MINDS AT EASE! I HAVE LEARNED THAT THE KALLU NEVER LIE!
ENTER THE MATTER DISPLACER! IT WILL TRANSPORT YOU TO YOUR PLACE OF ORIGIN INSTANTANEOUSLY!
KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE DOCTOR, IRON MAN! WE DON'T GO WITHOUT HIM!
I AM RIGHT BEHIND YOU! YOU HAVE EARNED MY SERVICES, AVENGER!

THEN, INCREDIBLY IN THE SAME SPLIT-SECOND...
IT WAS LIKE STEPPING THROUGH A DOORWAY INTO ANOTHER WORLD!
INCREDIBLE! WE HAVE BEEN USHERED THROUGH SOME SORT OF FANTASTIC SPACE WARP!
NO TIME FOR IDLE TALK NOW! WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE HOSPITAL!
THE WASP'S 48 HOURS ARE ALMOST UP!


THUS, A FEW FRANTIC MOMENTS LATER...
SHE'S STILL ALIVE! WE HAVE THAT MUCH TO BE THANKFUL FOR!
BUT-- EVEN FROM HERE I CAN SEE HOW WEAK HER BREATHING IS... HOW FAINT HER PULSE!
DOCTOR, I MUST KNOW! ARE YOU IN TIME TO... TO SAVE HER??
I CANNOT ANSWER THAT FOR CERTAIN YET! SHE IS MOST CRITICAL!

WE MUST PREPARE FOR SURGERY AT ONCE!
I SHALL USE MY OWN OPERATIVE METHODS... AND THE REST WILL BE IN THE HANDS OF FATE!

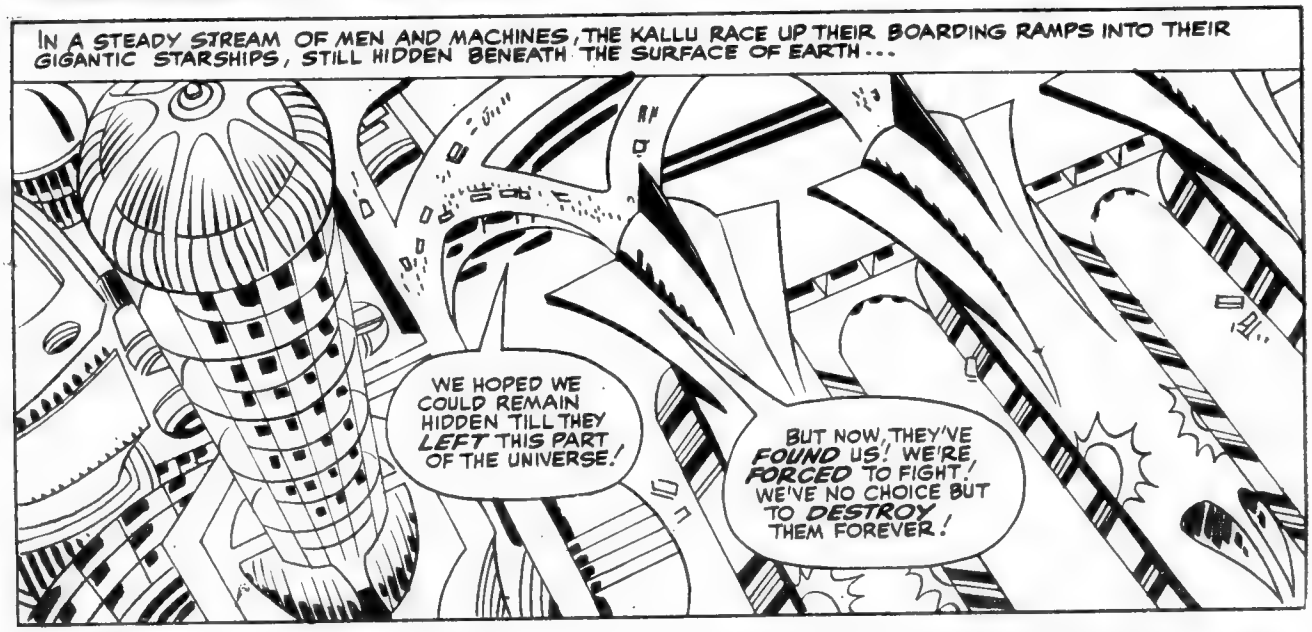
WE ARE READY FOR YOU, DOCTOR!
DOCTOR, LISTEN... YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE HER! DO YOU HEAR ME?? YOU CAN'T LET HER DIE!
I SHALL DO MY BEST! YOU MUST HAVE FAITH!
GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, AVENGER! IF ANYONE CAN SAVE HER... SVENSON CAN!
LET HIM GO, GIANT-MAN! THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO!
EVEN THE POWER OF THOR CANNOT HELP AT THIS CRUCIAL MOMENT!
NEVER HAVE I SEEN CAPTAIN AMERICA LOOK SO GRIM! HE, TOO, KNOWS WHAT IT MEANS TO LOSE SOMEONE NEAR AND DEAR!
I PRAY GIANT-MAN WILL NOT ALSO SUFFER SUCH A LOSS!

AND, AS THE MOTIONLESS WASP HOVERS BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, WE RETURN TO THE KALLU BASE, WHERE WE FIND...
OUR DEFENSIVE DEVICES HAVE BLOWN UP THE ENEMY DETECTOR!
BUT, IT IS TOO LATE! IT WILL HAVE SENT ITS FATEFUL MESSAGE BACK BY NOW!

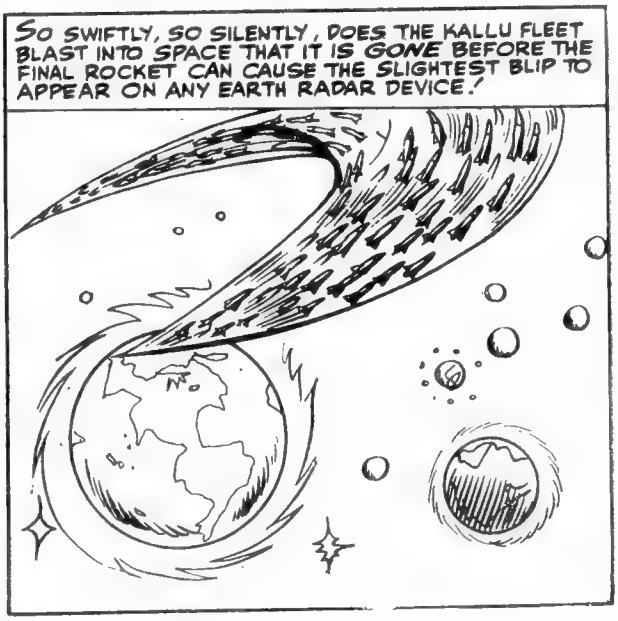
WE MUST BE TRUE TO OUR WORD! THE TIME FOR HIDING IS OVER! INTO THE SHIPS! EARTH CAN SHELTER US NO LONGER! WE'LL MEET OUR DESTINY IN THE ENDLESS VOID OF SPACE!
THEY SHALL FIND, TO THEIR DISMAY, THAT THE KALLU ARE NOT AS HELPLESS AS THEY THINK!
NOW GO! YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS!

MEANWHILE, THE VAST ENEMY SPACE ARMADA STREAKS TOWARDS THE SOLAR SYSTEM WITH THEIR COBALT THROTTLES WIDE OPEN!!
THE KALLU SHALL NOT ESCAPE US AGAIN! THIS TIME WE FIGHT UNTIL ONE OF OUR RACES EXISTS NO LONGER!

AND, IN THE HIDDEN CITY BENEATH THE ARCTIC ICE...
TO THE SHIPS! THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO LOSE!
WE'LL BE SPACE-BORNE, WITH ALL OUR WEAPONS BEFORE THEY REACH US! THIS TIME, IT IS THEY WHO WILL FLEE FOR THEIR LIVES!

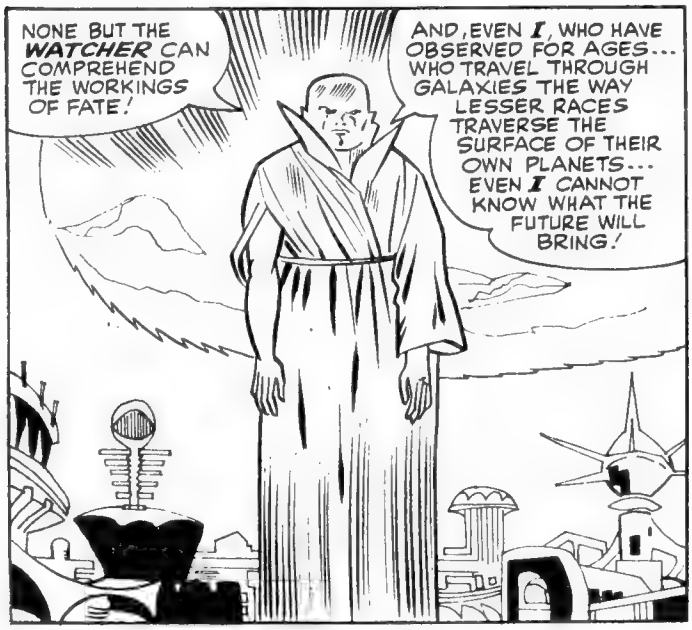

IN A STEADY STREAM OF MEN AND MACHINES, THE KALLU RACE UP THEIR BOARDING RAMPS INTO THEIR GIGANTIC STARSHIPS, STILL HIDDEN BENEATH THE SURFACE OF EARTH...
WE HOPED WE COULD REMAIN HIDDEN TILL THEY LEFT THIS PART OF THE UNIVERSE!
BUT NOW, THEY'VE FOUND US! WE'RE FORCED TO FIGHT! WE'VE NO CHOICE BUT TO DESTROY THEM FOREVER!

AT THE PRESS OF A BUTTON, SILENT, HIDDEN LAUNCH-PAD COVERS SWING OPEN ON THE SURFACE, AS THE KALLU SHIPS POINT THEIR NOSES SKYWARD! AND THEN...
OUR DESTINATION IS SECTOR 18-G, 1200 LIGHT YEARS FROM EARTH! IT IS THERE WE SHALL ENGAGE THE ENEMY IN FINAL BATTLE!
ATTENTION, ALL UNITS! DEPARTURE TIME IS... NOW!


SO SWIFTLY, SO SILENTLY, DOES THE KALLU FLEET BLAST INTO SPACE THAT IT IS GONE BEFORE THE FINAL ROCKET CAN CAUSE THE SLIGHTEST BLIP TO APPEAR ON ANY EARTH RADAR DEVICE!

WHILE IN THE DESERTED CITY BELOW, ONE LONE SHADOW FALLS OVER THE EMPTY LIFELESS STREETS...AND ONE LONE VOICE SOFTLY WHISPERS...
THEY ARE GONE! ALL THAT REMAINS IS A FLEETING MEMORY IN THE MINDS OF...THE AVENGERS!

AND THEN, THE DRAMATIC FIGURE OF THE MOST MYSTERIOUS ENTITY IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE...THE WATCHER...SLOWLY TAKES SHAPE AMID THE STRANGE DESOLATION...!
TWO ALIEN RACES... ABOUT TO BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL WITH EARTH AS THEIR BATTLEGROUND! IT WOULD HAVE MEANT THE END OF MANKIND!
BUT, THE HUMAN RACE HAS NOW BEEN SPARED...BECAUSE OF ONE DYING GIRL!


NONE BUT THE WATCHER CAN COMPREHEND THE WORKINGS OF FATE!
AND, EVEN I, WHO HAVE OBSERVED FOR AGES... WHO TRAVEL THROUGH GALAXIES THE WAY LESSER RACES TRAVERSE THE SURFACE OF THEIR OWN PLANETS... EVEN I CANNOT KNOW WHAT THE FUTURE WILL BRING!

PERHAPS THE KALLU WILL TRIUMPH...OR, THEY MAY SUFFER ANNIHILATION! BUT, HUMANITY WILL NEVER KNOW!
NOW, I MUST DEPART TO OBSERVE THE FINAL OUTCOME.. FOR I AM..THE WATCHER!

THEN, EVEN THE WATCHER FADES INTO SPACE...
THE OPERATION IS... OVER!

FOUR OF THE EARTH'S MIGHTIEST CRUSADERS WATCH THE WEARY SURGEON WITH BURNING EYES... NONE DARING TO BE THE FIRST TO SPEAK...UNTIL...
TELL US, DOCTOR ...WE..WE HAVE TO KNOW..!

THE OPERATION WAS SUCCESSFUL! THE GIRL WILL RECOVER!
LET US NOW LEAVE THE AVENGERS! STRONG MEN SHOULD NOT BE SEEN WITH TEARS IN THEIR EYES! BUT LET US VOW TO RETURN TO THEM...NEXT WEEK!.

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

HERE'S AN EARTH-SHAKING ITEM that's REALLY going to knock you TERRIFIC fans out of your trees ! YOU never thought it could happen ! Even WE never thought it would happen ! But . . . happen it WILL ! The mighty AVENGERS team is going to be broken up ! *Not* by some triumphant super-villain we hasten to add (that would be stretching credulity TOO far !) No, it's merely due to the wind of change ! Plus the fact that THOR and IRON MAN have their time cut out crime-clobbering in FANTASTIC plus the fabulous fact that GIANT-Man/Ant-Man and lovable little JAN THE WASP are going to star in *their own* brand new series !

But what about THE AVENGERS ? ? ? Well, a glittering galaxy of super-heroes (and one super-heroine) will take on that hallowed name ! (And here's something else for the book ! They are all reformed super-VILLAINS !) But WHO are they ? None other than . . .

. . . That awesome wonder-archer HAWK-EYE ! The mighty mover himself—QUICKSILVER ! And to give our peerless pages a touch of hex-appeal - Wondrous Wanda, THE SCARLET WITCH ! Shield-slinging CAPTAIN AMERICA will boss-man this new team which (and we'll shout it from the mountains) will be great, *great*, GREAT ! !

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

S. P. Spurden, Thornton Heath, Surrey; Gwen Davis, Woking, Surrey; Peter Myhill, Downend, Bristol; D. Kershaw, Liverpool 10; Richard Kleeman, Stuttgart, W. Germany; Martin Lawson, Dunstable, Beds.; Michael Meekly, Carlisle, Cumberland; Mark Hacking, Lever, Nr. Bolton; Paul Turner, Farnham, Surrey; Paul Torrance, London, S.E.11; Miss G. Smith, Bredbury, Nr. Stockport; Colin Lewis, Belfast, N. Ireland; Barbara Clipson, Barton-on-Humber, Lincs.; Ian Harvey, Plymouth, Devon; Christopher Lamp, West Norwood, S.E.27; Nicholas Field, Doncaster, Yorks.; Michael Boddy, Wells, Somerset; Michael Conder, Houghton-le-spring, Co. Durham; Martin Vince, Merton, London, S.W.19; David Deegan, Dublin 4, Ireland.

WHEN does this mighty happening happen ? September 16th ish sees A-Day ! (as well as for the first of the Giant-man Wasp sagas). But, before then, there's going to be an unforgettable build-up for you Avenger fans ! In the previous issues of TERRIFIC you'll see the wheels of frantic fate rolling ! You'll meet the new team as they start getting together ! You'll . . . well, don't even turn this page till you've dashed out to your nearest newsagent and placed your advance order . . . for TERRIFIC ! !

BOMBSHELL news for you frantic followers of DAREDEVIL. Not only is he grappling with that overlord of crime THE OWL in SMASH but he is also the subject of a magnificent, full colour pin-up portrait in FANTASTIC and *TERRIFIC* this week ! *Why have we featured him on BOTH weeklies at the same time ? Simply to meet the HUGE demands from you Powermen ! It's a fantastic fact ! We knew The Man Without Fear would be* popular ! *But his fan following is growing faster than a QUICKSILVER take-off ! Have* you *sampled DARE-DEVIL in SMASH ? If not . . . Holy Hesitation !* Why *not !*

ODD SPORTS

FOOT BOXING

Boxing with the feet is a popular sport in many parts of Indonesia, and there are heavyweight, lightweight and feather-weight classes just as in boxing with the fists.

A foot-boxing bout is rather like a series of drop-kicks in wrestling, except that the fighters are only allowed to strike their opponents with the flat of one foot in any single blow.

Matches are held in a roped ring and the contestants hop about the ring attempting to get in a blow. A bout is decided on points or a knockout.

Any part of the body can be struck with the foot, but the blow must be flat and square. Points are lost if the heel or toe strikes the body. Points are also lost if one of the fighters falls while delivering a blow.

Bouts often end in a knockout when a fighter lands a well directed blow on his opponents chin or chest.

At one time foot-boxers were allowed to wear light, rubber-soled shoes. But that had to be abandoned when one fighter who had been consistently knocking out his opponents was found to have concealed an iron plate in his shoe.

He was promptly disqualified and banned from taking part in any more bouts.

SPEAR THROWING

Slim Billy, an Australian aborigine, now claims to be the spear throwing champion of Queensland. His winning throw sent a spear whistling through the air to a distance of 158 yards.

Twenty experts entered for the championship, but they did not rely entirely on muscle power.

Each competitor had what is called a throwing stick. This is a length of wood shaped like a shallow spoon. At one end is a knob-like handle or grip and at the other end is a stop.

The butt of the spear is placed against the stop, while the handle of the throwing stick and the shaft of the spear are held in the right hand. The thrower holds the stick and spear to the full length of his arm extended behind.

Then with a quick jerk of his arm the thrower brings the spear and throwing stick forward. As he does so, he releases the spear shaft. The spear then leaves the stick with tremendous force.

BICYCLE BALANCING

Gustov Larsen, a Finnish errand boy, claims to be the world's bicycle-balancing champion by remaining upright on a stationary bicycle for four hours and twelve minutes !

He won his title in competition with 64 other boys, and beat the runner-up by 38 minutes.

Competitors had to sit on their bicycles and keep their balance only through moving the front wheels from left to right with the handlebars. Any contestant pedalling his bicycle was instantly disqualified. The rules laid down that the pedals were to be used only as a foot-rest and not for moving the bicycle.

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1965

LATER, AS THE SILENT SHROUD OF NIGHT ENGULFS THE MOUNTAINOUS RETREAT OF THE ANCIENT ONE, IN FAR-OFF TIBET, A MYSTIC SHAPE APPROACHES THE LONELY SANCTUM...
WE HAVE REACHED OUR DESTINATION!
WHILE, WITHIN THE COLD, STONE WALLS, DR. STRANGE AND HIS AGED MENTOR PRACTICE THEIR MYSTIC, AWESOME RITES...
YOU HAVE MASTERED THE SHADOWY ARTS QUITE WELL, MY SON...!
AND, OUTSIDE AGAIN
LET US NOW ASSUME OUR RIGHTFUL FORMS! THE TIME TO STRIKE HAS COME!
YOU WILL BOTH OBEY MY EVERY COMMAND-- FOLLOW MY ORDERS TO THE LETTER! WITH THE ADDITIONAL POWER I HAVE BEEN GIVEN, I CAN DO ANYTHING!
HOW EASILY I CAN CONJURE UP A SIMPLE SPELL WHICH CAUSES OUR PRESENCE TO GO UNNOTICED BY OUR VICTIMS INSIDE!
LET EVERY PROTECTIVE DEVICE WITHIN THIS PLACE BE SILENCED! LET NONE SUSPECT THE COMING OF BARON MORDO!
AND THEN, WITH THE SUDDEN FURY OF A DEMON'S WRATH, MORDO AND HIS TWO FEARSOME FOLLOWERS ATTACK!
NOW, WHILE THEY ARE COMPLETELY OFF-GUARD WE SHALL DESTROY THEM BOTH!
IT IS MORDO! SAVE YOURSELF, MY SON! I SHALL RESIST HIM AS LONG AS I AM ABLE!
NO, ANCIENT ONE! YOUR SHIELD IS USELESS AGAINST THE POWER OF HIS ATTACK! I CANNOT LEAVE YOU!

THERE IS MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE! MORDO HAS NEVER POSSESSED SUCH STAGGERING MIGHT!
I CANNOT HOLD HIM OFF MUCH LONGER! HIS FURY IS MIND-SHATTERING!

HE'S FORCING ME BACK-- BACK--! SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO INCREASE HIS MYSTIC POWER!! BUT-- WHAT??

I CANNOT STOP THE ONSLAUGHT OF HIS SPELLS! I MUST TAKE DRASTIC ACTION FAST-- OR THE ANCIENT ONE AND I ARE DOOMED!

HOW I'VE WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT OF TRIUMPH! SEE HOW WE FORCE HIM BACK! DO NOT LET UP! ATTACK! ATTACK!

I'VE GOT TO RESORT TO THE ENCHANTMENT OF MY AMULET! IT MUST HOLD THEM BACK UNTIL I CAN SAVE THE ANCIENT ONE-- IT MUST!
NO! EVEN THAT ISN'T ENOUGH! THEY'RE CRACKING ITS IONIC SCREEN!

AND THEN, IN SHEER DESPERATION, THE TRAPPED MASTER OF MAGIC CAUSES HIS AMULET TO GLOW WITH ITS MOST SHIMMERING, DAZZLING LIGHT--!
I CANNOT SEE-- THAT BRIGHTNESS-- IT NUMBS THE SENSES!
IT'S BLINDING ME!! TURN IT OFF!!

THAT GAVE ME JUST THE TIME I NEEDED!! ONCE I CARRY THE MASTER THROUGH THIS SECRET PASSAGE, WE'LL STILL HAVE A SLIM CHANCE FOR SURVIVAL!

THERE! I'LL SEAL THE EXIT AND DESTROY THE BRIDGE BEHIND ME!
MORDO HAS NOT TRIUMPHED YET!

IF ONLY I KNEW FROM WHENCE MORDO'S GREAT NEW POWER COMES!! HAS HE MASTERED SOME TERRIBLE NEW MYSTIC SECRET??

MEANWHILE...
NO MERE DOOR CAN STOP ME! I'LL EASILY FOLLOW MY ACCURSED ENEMY BY CHANGING INTO MY ECTOPLASMIC SPIRIT FORM!!
WAIT HERE UNTIL I SUMMON YOU!

I'M JUST IN TIME!! HE'S FLYING OFF-- HELD ALOFT BY HIS CLOAK OF LEVITATION!

BUT, I HAVE BEEN GIVEN FAR GREATER POWERS! I CAN CONQUER GRAVITY WITHOUT A MYSTIC CLOAK!

--AND I CAN DESTROY THE PROTECTIVE POWER SHIELD HE HAS PLACED AROUND HIMSELF!
MORDO AGAIN!

IT IS FORTUNATE I WAS ABLE TO HIDE BEHIND THIS LEDGE! HE PASSED ME BY! BUT, FOR HOW LONG CAN I BE SAFE FROM HIM?

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER DIMENSION-- A DARK, DISMAL DIMENSION, WE FIND...
MORDO HAS HAD TIME ENOUGH TO COMPLETE HIS MISSION! I CAN SUPPLY HIS POWER NO LONGER!

OF ALL WHO LIVE, ONLY I AM MIGHTY ENOUGH TO SEND MY SPELLS TO ANOTHER DIMENSION, TO HELP MORDO BATTLE OUR COMMON FOE!

BUT, NOW I MUST REST! I MUST BUILD UP MY ENERGY AGAIN! THIS STRAIN WOULD HAVE BEEN FATAL TO ANY EXCEPT ME!

--BUT, I AM NOT ANYONE ELSE! I AM THE DREAD DORMAMMU--LORD OF THE DARK DIMENSION!! I AM MIGHTIEST OF THE MIGHTIEST!
WHEN LAST WE FOUGHT, I PLEDGED MY WORD TO ATTACK DR. STRANGE NO MORE!!* BUT, I AM NOT SO DOING! IT IS MORDO WHO ATTACKS HIM--MORDO, USING THE POWER OF DORMAMMU! THE POWER THAT I GIVE HIM!
*SEE TERRIFIC 14 —BART.

THEN, ONCE STRANGE IS DESTROYED, THERE WILL BE NONE REMAINING WHO CAN STOP MY CONQUEST OF EARTH, THE HOME OF THE HUMAN RACE!
AND NOW THAT MY VIRTUALLY LIMITLESS STRENGTH HAS RETURNED, I SHALL CONTACT MY HUMAN AGENT AND LEARN HOW HE DESTROYED DR. STRANGE!

AND SO... WHAT?!! HE ESCAPED YOU?!! AND AFTER I HAD GIVEN YOU ENOUGH POWER TO MAKE YOU DEFEAT ANYONE!! YOU MORTAL BUNGLER!!
HAVE A CARE, DORMAMMU!! NOT EVEN YOU CAN SPEAK TO MORDO IN SUCH A MANNER!!

HE ELUDED ME BY MEANS OF A TRICK! BUT, HIS ESCAPE IS ONLY TEMPORARY! IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF HOURS BEFORE I HAVE HIM!
I SHALL BEGIN THE SEARCH FOR DR. STRANGE IMMEDIATELY!

ONCE AGAIN I SHALL AID YOU, MORDO! THESE SPIRITS FROM THE NETHER WORLD, INVISIBLE TO UNTRAINED EYES, SHALL DO YOUR SEARCHING FOR YOU!
STRANGE HASN'T A CHANCE AGAINST THE POWER OF DORMAMMU!

WITHIN SECONDS, THE INHUMAN BEINGS FROM THE DARK DIMENSION FAN OUT OVER THE SURFACE OF EARTH WITH ONLY ONE AIM, ONE GOAL--TRACK DOWN DR. STRANGE!!

MEANWHILE, IN THE HIDDEN CAVE OF A DEDICATED TIBETAN HERMIT...
I SHALL LOOK AFTER THE MASTER! BUT WHAT OF YOU?? HOW WILL YOU ESCAPE DETECTION BY THE EVIL MORDO??
MY SAFETY IS OF NO IMPORTANCE--JUST SO LONG AS I LEAD THE PURSUERS AWAY FROM THE ANCIENT ONE!

WITH THIS BUNDLE OF RAGS IN MY ARMS, IT WILL LOOK AS THOUGH I AM STILL CARRYING THE VENERABLE ONE! I MUST LEAD MORDO SO FAR AWAY THAT HE CAN NEVER AGAIN PICK UP THE MASTER'S TRAIL!
MAY THE ALL-SEEING EYE OF AGAMOTTO WATCH OVER YOU, YOUNG MASTER!

HOURS LATER, AS THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS TRAVELS TOWARDS THE CHINA SEA...
I SENSE ANOTHER PRESENCE BEHIND ME! AN ALIEN, UNEARTHLY FORM...!

I CANNOT BE CERTAIN WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE IT IS, BUT, IN TRUTH, HE IS SURELY A TOOL OF THE EVIL MORDO!

AND, AS NIGHT FALLS...
EVEN THOUGH HE HAD FOUND ME, HIS SPEED COULD NOT MATCH MY OWN! BUT, HE IS CERTAIN TO REPORT MY PRESENCE TO MORDO!

AND THEN, EXACTLY AS DR. STRANGE HAD PREDICTED...
NOW THAT I KNOW HE IS HEADING FOR THE CHINA SEA, HE IS AS GOOD AS MINE! NO POWER ON EARTH CAN SAVE HIM!

THE ANCIENT ONE HAS ALREADY BEEN DEFEATED! ONLY DR. STRANGE REMAINS! AND, WITH THE MIGHT OF THE DREAD DORMAMMU BEHIND ME, I SHALL CRUSH HIM LIKE A FLEA!

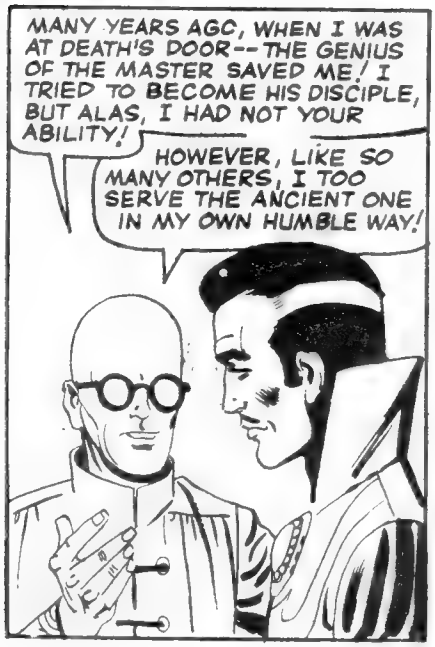
STAND ASIDE, CREATURES OF THE NETHER WORLD! I AM ABOUT TO CAST A SPELL--ONE SUCH AS YOU HAVE NEVER DREAMED OF!!

THEN, AIDED BY THE AWESOME POWER OF THE DREAD DORMAMMU, MORDO SENDS AN IMPERIOUS COMMAND TO ALL THE DABBLERS IN THE MYSTIC ARTS --TO ALL THE PRACTITIONERS OF BLACK MAGIC THROUGHOUT THE WORLD--!
DR. STRANGE MUST BE FOUND! YOU ARE COMMANDED TO REPORT TO ME IF YOU SEE HIM!

AND, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE MYSTERIOUS CITY OF HONG KONG...
I MUST HAVE HELP! THERE IS ONE HERE WHOM I CAN TRUST...!

AHH, MY OLD FRIEND, DR. STRANGE! WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE HOME! HOW FARES THE ALL-WISE ANCIENT ONE?
HE IS NOT WELL, SEN-YU! EVIL POWERS ARE AT LARGE, THREATENING HIM--AND ALL OF MANKIND!

THEN, AFTER THE STORY HAS BEEN TOLD...
YOU ARE THE ONE WHO GUARDS THE ANCIENT ONE'S WEALTH, HONOURABLE SEN-YU! THERE WAS NO OTHER TO WHOM I COULD TURN!
SAY NO MORE! MY HOME IS YOURS! MY LIFE IS YOURS, IF NEED BE!


MANY YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS AT DEATH'S DOOR--THE GENIUS OF THE MASTER SAVED ME! I TRIED TO BECOME HIS DISCIPLE, BUT ALAS, I HAD NOT YOUR ABILITY!
HOWEVER, LIKE SO MANY OTHERS, I TOO SERVE THE ANCIENT ONE IN MY OWN HUMBLE WAY!

NOW YOU MUST REST, WHILE I BRING YOU NEW PROVISIONS!
HOW CAN I REST? THE ANCIENT ONE IS SICK--OR DYING--MORDO IS ON MY TRAIL--!

--AND, BY SOME SINISTER STROKE OF FATE, HE HAS BECOME MORE POWERFUL THAN I! IF HE DEFEATS ME, WHAT WILL BEFALL MANKIND??!

BUT, SLEEP FINALLY COMES TO THE WEARY SORCERER! AND WHEN HE AWAKES NEXT MORN, HE FINDS...
I HAVE A PASSPORT FOR YOU-- MONEY--NEW CLOTHES --ALL YOU WILL NEED IN YOUR ATTEMPT TO HIDE FROM MORDO!
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, SEN-YU!

HIDING FROM A FOE IS NEW TO ME! AND YET, THE WISE MAN KNOWS THERE IS A TIME TO FIGHT, AND A TIME TO FLEE--TO STOP AND MAKE NEW PLANS!
I DARE NOT WEAR MY CLOAK OF LEVITATION...

I SHALL FOLD IT, AND HIDE IT WITHIN THE LINING OF MY SUIT! ITS POWER WILL STILL BE INTACT!

NONE WOULD SUSPECT IT IS THERE, YOUNG MASTER!
GOOD! THEN NOTHING MORE REMAINS! I MUST LEAVE AT ONCE!

WHY DO YOU NOT STAY HERE? IT IS A PERFECT HIDING PLACE!
NO! I CANNOT PLACE YOU IN SUCH JEOPARDY! BUT, REMAIN ALERT, TRUSTED ONE--I MAY HAVE FURTHER USE FOR YOUR SERVICES!

HE LEAVES WITHOUT A BACKWARD GLANCE! HIS STEP STEADY--HIS VOICE FIRM--EVEN THOUGH HE FACES THE MOST POWERFUL FOE ON EARTH!

BUT, NOT FOR LONG CAN DR. STRANGE ESCAPE THE SHARP EYES OF THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN ALERTED TO WATCH FOR HIM...
IT IS HE! MORDO MUST BE NOTIFIED! SOUND THE ALARM!
AH SO! HE SHALL NOT ESCAPE US!

I HOPE I'VE BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN LEADING THEM AWAY FROM THE ANCIENT ONE! NOW, WHEN THEY FIND ME, IT WILL JUST BE MORDO AND I, FACE-TO-FACE!

AND THEN, THE HIGHLY-DEVELOPED MYSTIC SENSES OF THE MASTER OF NECROMANCY REGISTER AN ALARM...
THEY'VE FOUND ME!

I'M SURROUNDED! THERE ISN'T TIME TO BLANKET THE AREA WITH A SPELL! I-I'VE GOT TO THINK-- FAST!!

SO YOU ARE THE MIGHTY DR. STRANGE! BAH! I SHALL PRY YOUR SECRETS FROM YOU BEFORE TURNING YOU OVER TO MORDO!
GOOD! HIS VERY GREED WILL GIVE ME THE BREATHING TIME I NEED! HE HAS NOT YET CONTACTED MY ARCH-FOE!

AND THEN, DR. STRANGE CREATES A SUDDEN ILLUSION--MAGNIFICENT IN ITS SHEER SIMPLICITY--!
BEFORE YOU CAN PRY ANY SECRETS FROM ME, YOU MUST FIRST FIND THE REAL ME! WHICH ONE WILL YOU PURSUE?? WHICH ONE IS THE REAL DR. STRANGE??

BY ALL THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH, IT IS MORE DIFFICULT THAN YOU THOUGHT TO PENETRATE A SORCERER'S SPELL, IS IT NOT?!!
I HAVE HIM!
NO! IT IS BUT AN ILLUSION!
I, TOO HAVE BEEN DECEIVED!!

BUT THEN...
HAH! THOUGH I AM NOT THE CONJURER YOU ARE--MY OWN POOR KNOWLEDGE IS ENOUGH TO FIND THE ONE I SEEK!
BUT, FINDING ME AND DEFEATING ME ARE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS-- AS YOU ARE ABOUT TO LEARN!

FIRST, ONE SIMPLE INCANTATION, CALLING UPON THE SEVEN RINGS OF RAGGADORR, WILL PREVENT YOU FROM USING ANY MORE SPELLS!!
I--I CANNOT SPEAK!!
IN THE NAME OF MORDO--YOU DIE!!

BUT, AS ALWAYS, THE UNPREDICTABLE DR. STRANGE DOES THE UNEXPECTED! INSTEAD OF RESORTING TO ANOTHER MYSTIC SPELL, HE LASHES OUT WITH AN EXPLOSIVE FIST--!
SOMETIMES THE SIMPLEST ATTACK IS THE MOST EFFECTIVE!

BUT, WHEN THE ODDS BECOME TOO GREAT...
IT IS LUCKY I PUT MY CLOAK OF LEVITATION INSIDE MY JACKET!
HE FLIES AWAY FROM US!!
STOP HIM!

GOOD! THEY'RE ALL LOOKING AT ME AT ONCE! NOW FOR MY FINAL SPELL!
IN THE NAME OF THE ETERNAL VISHANTI --I COMMAND YOU--LET YOUR LIMBS BECOME LIKE STONE--LET THE POWER OF MOVEMENT BE LOST TO YOU UNTIL I AM GONE!

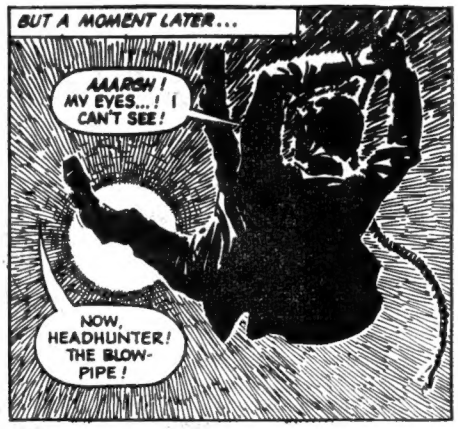
HE HAS PARALYZED US!! BUT, I CAN STILL THINK! I MUST MENTALLY CONTACT MORDO--HE IS WAITING FOR MY SIGNAL! MORDO--MORDO--

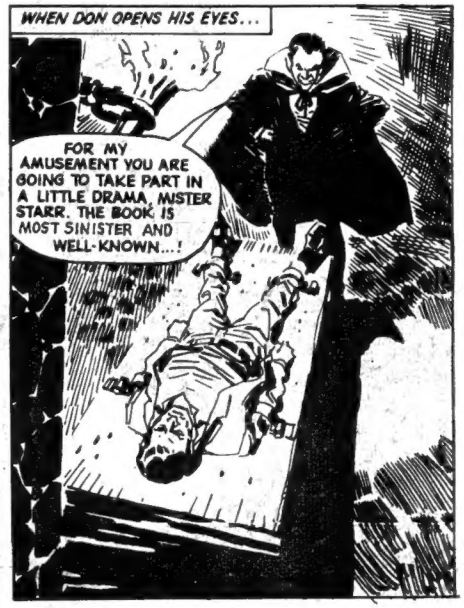
AND, A SHORT TIME LATER...
I HAVE LOCATED OUR ENEMY AGAIN! THE NETHER WORLD SPIRITS ARE EVEN NOW SPEEDING TO HIS SIDE! IT IS ALMOST ENDED, DORMAMMU!
THIS TIME THERE MUST BE NO FAILURE! DR. STRANGE MUST BE DESTROYED!

BUT, ALTHOUGH HE IS ALONE, IN A STRANGE AND FORBIDDEN LAND--ALTHOUGH THE COMBINED POWERS OF THE DREAD DORMAMMU AND THE EVIL MORDO ARE STACKED AGAINST HIM--HE IS STILL DR. STRANGE, THE MASTER OF ALL MAGIC--SO WE KNOW THAT ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN! NOW, PUT YOUR AMULET IN A SAFE PLACE, AND JOIN US NEXT WEEK!

THE DRAMA OF DOOM

THE WEAPONS OF THE SINISTER CRIMINAL CALLED **THE ACTOR** ARE DARTS TIPPED WITH POISON THAT TURN HONEST MEN INTO RAGING KILLERS. SPECIAL AGENT **DON STARR**, ALONE, CANNOT BE AFFECTED BY THEM. HE TRACKS DOWN THE ACTOR TO A LONG-DISUSED THEATRE. BUT AS HE ENTERS . . .





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A Power House PIN-UP
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